

117.

**PROGRAMME OF THE RECEPTION OF
GOV. KOSSUTH.**

A Sub-Committee, consisting of Messrs. Burlingame, Newell and Ward, will leave New York on Monday morning next, with Gov. Kossuth and suite. On their arrival at Springfield, Gov. Kossuth will be officially received by the Legislative Committee, and after this, he will dine at the Massasoit House. He will proceed to Worcester, by a special train, accompanied by the Committee. On the next morning, (Tuesday,) they will take a special train for Boston, at 9 o'clock. The train will reach the Mill Dam crossing at 11 A. M., where carriages will be ready to convey the Committee and their guest to Boston neck. Thence, Gov. Kossuth will be received by a Division of the Massachusetts Militia, detailed for the occasion, and escorted through Washington, Boylston, Charles and Beacon streets to the State House, in front of which, he will be received by His Excellency, Gov. Boutwell.

He will then be escorted through Park, Tremont, Court, State, Commercial, and South Market streets, Merchants' Row, Ann, Blackstone, Hanover and Court streets, to his lodging at the Revere House.

On Tuesday afternoon, Gov. Kossuth is expected to review the Military on the Common.

Per order of Legislative Committee,
HENRY WILSON, Chairman.

WASHINGTON, April 16.

Kossuth's Visit to the Tomb of Washington.—Kossuth and his wife, M. Pajsky and others of his suite, accompanied by Senators and Mrs. Seward, and a party of about 100 ladies and gentlemen, visited Mount Vernon at Port, in the steamer Collier. The party stopped at Fort Washington, and inspected that beautiful fortification; they then crossed to the Virginia side, and landed near the tomb. It was visited in solemn silence, and Kossuth looked upon the resting place of the remains of the illustrious Washington with evident emotion. For some time after, he retired to the adjacent woods, apparently to commune alone with the thoughts of the tomb.

The party then viewed the other prominent features of this hallowed spot, and returned to the city in the afternoon.

**MASS ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION,
IN CINCINNATI, OHIO,
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, April 27th, 28th
29th, 1852.**

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM:

Do not forget our Convention. We invite all, from all parts of the United States, to come, or to send some one to represent every portion of the country. Let us have a great meeting. Surely the occasion is one of importance enough to call for some sacrifice of time and money. We press it upon you, as Christian patriots and philanthropists, to come, and let us take counsel together, in behalf of poor down-trodden humanity. Let not the oppressor rejoice over the apathy of those who in former years spoke with a voice of thunder in the ears of this guilty nation. Let not the slaveholder of the South, and the slave-catcher of the North, congratulate themselves that Abolition is dying off. If we are to die-off, let us die on the moral battle-field, with our armor on, and our face to the enemy. But our cause will not perish; we shall leave it an inheritance to our children. Let us do what we can, with trust in God, and those who come after us will finish the work.

We have arranged to accommodate the best hall in the city of Cincinnati—Convention, elegant, and well located. We have sent special invitations to all the distinguished anti-slavery speakers in the United States, and they will attend, among whom are Messrs. Frederick Douglass, Samuel J. May, Charles Lenox Remond, and Hon. Geo. W. Julian; and we have partial promises from Gerritt Smith, Esq., Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and a number of others.

Delegates, on arriving at Cincinnati, will please call and enroll their names at the office, 110 Sixth st. Arrangements can probably be made for the delegates to travel on the railroads leading out of the city at half fare. Every effort will be made to provide for the hospitable entertainment of the delegates.

Again we say, come all who can, to encourage and strengthen true hearts for the good work, and to inspire new hope for the poor slave.

Yours, for humanity,
W. H. BRISBANE,
CHRISTIAN DONALDSON, Committee.
J. H. COLEMAN,
E. HARWOOD,
LEVI COFFIN,
Cincinnati, Ohio, March 25, 1852.

ABINGTON NOTICE.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING, of Concord, will deliver three lectures in the Town Hall, on Sunday, May 24.

BUY—READ—CIRCULATE.

THE Proceedings of the Woman's Rights Convention, a neat papered set of 212 pages, containing the Reports of several Committees, and the Speeches, as Phonographically reported, is for sale at the Anti-Slavery office, 21 Cornhill.

LUCY STONE.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Proceedings of the A. S. Convention assembled in Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 5, 6, 1833—where resulted in the formation of the A. S. Society;

First, second, third Annual Reports of the American A. S. Society;

Garrison's Thoughts on Colonization.

Any one who has either of the above for sale, will confer a favor on me by informing me of the fact, by the letter addressed to me in Boston.

WM. I. BOWDITCH.

WANTED.

Two young colored men want situations. One of them is a blacksmith, and is free to engage in other labor, if necessary; the other is desirous of a steady place in the country. Apply to Samuel May, Jr., 21 Cornhill.

GREAT CURE!

OF MAHALA ROBBINS' SCROFULOUS HUMOR OF THE EYES AND HEAD, BY DR. PORTER'S ANTI-SCROFULOUS PAINBACE.

DR. PORTER,—Dear Sir:—I feel in duty bound to tender you my grateful acknowledgements for the honor afforded me by the use of your Painbace. I have been afflicted for sixteen years with a scrofulous humor, principally affecting my eyes and head. My eyes were much inflamed and very painful: I thought sometimes I should lose my sight. The humor affected both A. 5, 6, 1833—where resulted in the formation of the A. S. Society;

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For the Liberator.

THE SLAVE'S ASPIRATION FOR FREEDOM.

'I dream of all things free;
From mountain, plain and sea,
A voice is ever whispering to my ear
Of a bright, far off land,
Where, could I reach the strand,
I never more should bow in servile fear.

The winds have words for me;
The dashing, billowy sea
Sends up an impulse on each wave's white crest—
They urge me hence away,
To where a brighter day
Gleams, even here, on my intense unrest.

The stars invite me there;
With aspect bright and fair
They smile upon me in the Northern sky,
And one so sweetly mild,
I've marked it when a child,
Unmoved, while others fill their circles high.

That star shall be my guide,
Upon the lone hill-side,
While on the earth the silent dews are weeping;
I'll seek its heavenly beams,
And where it brightly gleams
Will follow, while earth's happier sons are sleeping.

The weary waste of life,
The fruitless, endless strife
Of mankind, bowed to work another's will;
Crushing the impulse strong
That, to the soul, ere long,
Had given new powers life's purpose to fulfil.

Hath been my lot too long;
Henceforth let me be strong;
And to the winds and waters I reply,
I will, I will be free,
To other climes will I flee,
Or, failing in th' attempt, will dare to die.

While clouds in air may sail,
While storms may swell the gale,
And Freedom's smile illumines Nature's face,
Man, with a mind and heart,
And soul-inspiring art,
Owes not his freedom to another's grace.

Only to God, who gave
Life, and alone can save,
Man owes allegiance, should give the deed
Of his superior powers,
Dear freedom then is ours,
And from God I hold the title-deed.

But my companions dear,
With whom, for many a year,
I've labored to increase another's store,
Whom I have loved full well,
How can I say farewell
To them, and never hear their voices more?

I would that they might go
With me, where brightly flow
The waters of the cataract's foaming tide;
Or in some mountain cave,
O'er which wild forests wave,
Find a free home where we might safely bide.

But, no, it may not be;
Alone, alone I flee,
With but the stars and God to guide my course;
My life, my freedom, all
At stake, might well appal
The strongest heart, and lead it to the Source

Of strength, of life, of light,
From whence this inward might,
This burning sense of wrong,
This burning sense of wrong,
This burning sense of wrong,
To do and dare, defying man's control.

Oh God, unseen but felt,
Who from my heart can melt
The fears that with my childhood's growth have grown,
Grant me thy cheering ray,
To guide me on the way
Which I must pass, unaided and alone.

Save from thy presence given,
Father, which art in heaven,
Illumine with thy light my darkened mind;
No earthly father's care
Hath marked its dawning fair,
No mother guided it with love refined.

On Thee alone I call,
Parent and Friend of all,
For Thou alone canst aid me to attain
The goal of my desires,
To which my heart aspires,
Hopeful and trusting;—be it not in vain.

My God, in Thee I trust,
For Thou art good and just,
That yet to freedom all th' oppress'd shall rise;
Shall burst the chains that bind,
In thralldom, limbs and mind;
When anthems loud and clear shall pierce the skies.

'How long, oh Lord, how long,
Ere we shall hear the song
Of the redeemed from Slavery's hateful chain?
When, echoing loud and clear,
It bursts upon the ear,
My prayers and struggles cease, for peace shall reign.

M. L.

For the Liberator.

THE MINIATURE OFFERING.

It was a dark and dismal day,
When master came the child to take,
And said that he, a debt to pay,
A tender of the boy must make.

Oh! how that arrow pierced my heart!
And ever since my heart beats cold—
Alas! I was compelled to part
With that sweet boy, but three years old!

Oh! God of justice, God of love!
Now let the burning truth be told:
That little prattler—turtle-dove—
'Twas his own son, my master sold!

H. N. S.

For the Liberator.

MARVEL NOT.

When legislators fashion law
Into a greedy bloodhound's paw,
And bid all 'friends of law and order,'
Throughout our 'free and happy' border,
To bow before the canine idol,
And own it paramount beside all;
When Justice, kidnapped, sits in chains,
And Judge, bribed with Slavery's gains,
Shake hands with bowie-knife and rifle,
Determined Freedom's breath to stifle—
What wonder if good men, undimmed,
Should curse the law, and go for lynching?

BARD OF CASTLE HILL.

LIVE IT DOWN.

Should evasive tongues some malice frame,
To soil and tarnish your good name,
Grow not disheartened; 'tis the lot
Of all men, whether good or not:
Live it down!

The Liberator.

LETTER TO RICHARD D. WEBB.
MILLWOOD, KNOX CO., O.,
April 8th, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am astonished when I look at the date of your letter, and find that it is now nearly seven long months since I received it. I was not aware till this moment that I had delayed my answer so long. I have been thinking of answering all the time; but press of business, and a wish to write you a letter of some length, have prevented me from doing so. I am resolved, however, to delay no longer. You shall have an answer, whether it be long or short.

And first, let me thank you for your kindness, both in sending me so long and interesting a letter, and for forwarding me so frequently the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. Let me next say how pleased I was to read of your doings in London during the great exhibition, and especially your endeavors, in connection with George Thompson and others, to make an impression against the horrible and infamous system of American slavery. I feel more interested in the question of American slavery than ever. I, of course, feel more pleasure in the labors of my friends for the abolition of slavery. Slavery is not only a great affliction to the slave and a terrible curse to the slaveholder, but a difficulty and peril of tremendous magnitude to the country generally. It not only disgraces the country in the eyes of Europe, and even endangers its peaceful relations with some of them, but threatens the States themselves with the two-fold unutterable horrors of a civil and a servile war. It does, besides, throw difficulties in the way of European freedom. It gives occasion to the adversaries of freedom to speak reproachfully of it. It causes the very name of freedom to be blasphemed. It weakens and disheartens the friends of European freedom. The question of American slavery is, in my view, one of the most important, if not the most important of all political questions at present engaging the attention of mankind. Till it is settled by the abolition of slavery, America can neither do justice to herself nor to the nations of Europe, Africa, or Asia. I do not at all blame the American abolitionists for making so much of the matter. They can hardly make too much of it.

This month I expect to begin my anti-slavery labors in this country—I mean, my anti-slavery lectures. I have labored, in some way, in favor of abolitionism, all the time I have been in the country. I have never missed an opportunity of saying a word for the slave in conversation. I have never hesitated to declare my opinion of the evil and injustice of slavery in the presence of any one. Nor have I ever neglected to express my grief at the prejudice which is so prevalent against people of color. Nor have I ever delivered a lecture on any subject, since I came to America, in which I have not brought slavery into question, and expressed my opinion of its injustice and impolicy. Whether lecturing on Education, Temperance, Religion or Politics, I have always found an opportunity of saying a word for the slave; and I have always felt it my duty to improve the opportunity. I have never, either in public or private, shrunk from the free declaration of my opinion that slavery is a calamity, a curse and a crime. I have never felt as if I ought to be either ashamed or afraid to avow my thoughts and feelings on the subject. I have never felt as if I ought to ask any one's permission to speak on the subject, or as if it were my duty to deprecate the wrath of the advocates of slavery. I have always felt, that the parties who ought to be ashamed or afraid to declare their views, the parties who needed the exercise of unusual forbearance in their hearers, were the parties in favor of slavery, or opposed to its speedy abolition; and I have not yet met with a man who seemed to have courage or impudence enough to censure or denounce me for my advocacy of freedom. In addition to speaking on the subject of slavery, I have given a few of my thoughts on the subject to the editors of some of the anti-slavery papers; but I have never delivered a lecture or made a public speech expressly on the subject of slavery.

I am to do so, however, by and by. In a fortnight or so, I am to lecture on slavery in Medina county, Ohio, about eighty miles from this. In May, I intend to be present at the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to be held in Rochester, in the State of New York. If I can, I will go to the Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, which is expected to take place soon, after the Annual Meeting in Rochester. When I once begin my anti-slavery labors, I shall probably continue them as long as my health will allow. But I shall not devote myself to anti-slavery labors exclusively. I shall lecture on the Bible question also. The Bible question is, in my view, the greatest, the most important question of all. The prevailing notions respecting the Bible are one of the greatest evils in existence. The correction of men's views respecting the Bible seems to me to be essential to the social, religious and the political salvation of mankind. The notions generally held respecting the Bible are to be reckoned among the strongest supports of sectarianism and bigotry, hypocrisy and intolerance, oppression and slavery. It seems impossible to cure men of sectarianism and bigotry, of hypocrisy and intolerance, without changing their views respecting the Bible. And it seems exceedingly difficult to annihilate European tyranny or American slaveholding, without changing men's views on this subject. In fact, the prevailing notions respecting the divine authority of the Bible help to prop up evil of almost every kind, and to block up the way of reformers of almost every description. Prevailing notions respecting the divine authority of the Bible help to prop up American slavery. I intend, therefore, to expose the unsoundness, the falsehood of those views. I intend to show what the Bible is. I wish to prove to them, that the only Bibles known among the people at large are but imperfect human translations of imperfect human transcripts of long lost books; and that those long lost books, of which our popular Bibles are but imperfect translations of imperfect and discordant transcripts, were themselves, most probably, but imperfect and discordant compilations of merely human compositions. I wish to show people, that the fact that a doctrine is taught in the Bible is no proof that it is truth, and that the fact that a doctrine is contrary to the Bible is no proof that it is false. I wish to show them that the fact, that practices and institutions are inculcated or tolerated by the Bible, is no proof that they are good, and that the fact that certain practices and institutions are contrary to certain portions of the Bible, is no proof that they are bad. In short, I wish to bring people to judge of the teachings of the Bible or the dictates of its outward authority, but according to the dictates of their own understandings, and suggestions of their own affections, instincts and consciences. This I regard as the principal work to which I am called. To this work I purpose to give myself, chiefly, as long as I live. I shall lecture on slavery; I shall write on slavery. I shall neglect no opportunity of working, either alone or in company with others, for the speedy abolition of this ungodly and inhuman

institution; but the correction of men's views with regard to the Bible will always be, if I am not mistaken, my principal work.

I shall not neglect any opportunity of laboring for the abolition of slavery. The truth is, I shall be laboring for the abolition of slavery, in endeavoring to correct men's views of the Bible. In showing that the Bible is not of divine authority, I shall be weakening or destroying some of the strongest arguments employed in its defence, or some of the most powerful objections urged against the abolitionists. The law of the land is in favor of slavery. The Government is in favor of slavery. The Constitution, as generally interpreted,—the Constitution, as interpreted by the Government, and as understood by the most zealous abolitionists, is in favor of slavery. But the Bible requires us to obey the Government. It commands us to obey every ordinance of man. It threatens us with damnation if we disobey. Many of the abolitionists contend that if the laws of men are contrary to the laws of God, we are to disobey them. But, mark; the people who regard the Bible as the word of God, or as a book of divine authority, contend that the law of God which we are called to obey is the Bible,—that the Bible is the rule of conduct given us by God himself. But the Bible enjoins us to obey the law of the land; the commands of the Government under which we live. To obey the commands of God, therefore, we must obey the law of the land. The man who transgresses the law of the land, does, according to the Bible, transgress the law of God.

When the Fugitive Slave Law or the provisions of the Constitution are under discussion, it is common for the abolitionists to talk of a higher law. The higher law and the lower law are in almost every one's mouth; and the abolitionists are, in general, agreed, that when the two laws clash, the lower law must be set at naught. But here is the difficulty among people who believe the Bible to be the word of God. The Bible, by commanding men to be subject to the ruling powers, to obey every ordinance of man, &c., has made the laws of men the laws of God. It has joined the higher and the lower law together. It has made the lower law into the higher law. The abolitionists, therefore, who despise the law of the land when in favor of slavery, are charged with impiety, with infidelity; and if the Bible were indeed what the people generally believe it is, the charge would be just.

And it must be borne in mind, that it is the Christian portion of the Bible that requires men to be subject to existing governments, and to obey their laws. It is not the Jewish Scriptures, merely, but the writings of the chief of the apostles of Jesus—the writings of Paul and Peter.

Take these things in connection with the fact, that portions of the Bible represent slavery as sanctioned, if not even instituted by God,—that the Bible represents men who were slaveholders, kidnappers, man-stealers, traders in the bodies and souls of men, as servants of God, as favorites of Heaven, as examples of faith and righteousness, without uttering a word in reproof or condemnation of their slaveholding, kidnapping, man-stealing and humanity-mongering practices. And add to this, that neither Jesus nor Paul, neither Peter nor John, ever uttered a word against holding men as slaves, while Paul and Peter expressly enjoin on men obedience to man-stealing, kidnapping and slaveholding governments, and you may judge with what horror the devout and unquenching believer in the divine authority of the Bible must frequently regard the outspoken, thorough-going abolitionists. And you may judge what difficulties the prevailing opinions respecting the divine authority of the Bible must throw in the way of the uncompromising advocates of freedom.

I say, then, that in stating and propagating my views as to the human origin and mixed and imperfect character of the Jewish and Christian scriptures, I shall not only be condemning sectarianism and bigotry, hypocrisy and persecution, but oppression and slavery. My lectures on the Bible will be lectures against slavery.

In conclusion: Wrong views of the Bible give strength to error and evil of almost every description; while right views of the Bible, without destroying the influence of the better portions of the Bible for good, destroy altogether its power for evil. Deliverance from blind subjection to the Bible is calculated to free the world from every form of evil. In freeing the minds of individuals, it prepares the way for the freedom of races and nations, and for the peace and harmony of the world.

You inquire, in your letter, respecting my inner life in this far-off land. I answer, my inner life here differs little from my inner life in England. In form, it is somewhat different; in substance, it is the same. The life of the soul is, in general, one. This is especially so with respect to your friend. I am astonished, when I look on the past, and contemplate the changes I have experienced with respect to opinions, forms, situations, religions, social and political connections, how little I have changed in the great essentials of my character, in the habits and constitution of my soul. The man who reads my earlier writings, and studies the history of my inner life as therein given, has a picture of my mind and spirit now. From the first, I have struggled for freedom and sought for truth; and from the first, I have wished to serve mankind. I struggle for freedom, I seek for truth, and I wish to serve my brethren still. With respect to my personal freedom, I have, to a great extent, attained my wish. I have freed myself, to a great extent, from the prejudices of my childhood. I have freed myself from subjection to churches and priesthoods. I have freed myself from subjection to books. I have freed myself from subjection to party. I have freed myself from subjection to my friends. I have freed myself, to a great extent, from subjection to the fear of public censure and reprobation. The amount of freedom I at present enjoy is almost unbounded, in comparison with the wretched portion I enjoyed in early life. I still have to labor for general freedom; for the freedom of sectarians, priests, parties, races and nations. My search for truth has not been wholly unsuccessful. I have seen through many delusions. I have learned a number of important lessons. But, alas! the little that I know is as nothing to that which I do not know. I cannot describe what I feel when I think of the worlds of truth yet hid from me. But all is not hid in darkness. There are realms of light, as well as worlds of darkness. I rejoice in the light in which I live, and long and labor and even hope for ever-increasing light in times to come. I never felt more desirous of light. I never rejoiced more in new discoveries of truth. And my wish to serve mankind is, not that I am aware, abated. I have many different opinions as to the means by which I may hope to serve them most effectually, from what I once had; but my wish to serve them is the same, so far as I know. And I have still the same religious emotions that I used to have. I have little or nothing of my old blind confidence in reference to certain religious doctrine, but I believe in God,—a great, a fatherly God; and I have faith in His government and laws. I love the world, and I love its glorious Author. My knowledge of the Universe, and my knowledge of its great and glorious Author, is but small; but the knowledge I have gives me infinite confidence in the

destiny of man, and in the tendency of all things to perfection and blessedness. I cannot describe my feelings more minutely; I should hardly feel justified in doing so.

I have spent much time in reading, of late, and I think I have profited considerably by what I have read. In addition to my reading on Biblical questions, I have been reading the voluminous history of Alison—his history of Europe during the French Revolution. Though I have been grievously disgusted with the bigoted Toryism and eternal special pleading of the author, I have read the work to my profit. He would be a strange creature that could read the history of the French Revolution, by any writer of tolerable ability and candor, without feeling himself a soberer and better man. I cannot describe to you the horror I feel now at violent and bloody revolutions, and the anxiety I feel that all the friends of reform should unite to abate and abolish, in a peaceful way, all social and political evils, and to adapt political and social institutions to the nature of man and the laws of the universe. Though still a republican, an ultra republican, there is no political party on which I look with greater dissatisfaction, than those of the democrats of Great Britain, who refuse to co-operate with less ultra reformers than themselves, and who show a disposition rather to obstruct the progress of reform than to permit it to advance at a pace somewhat slower than they have determined is desirable. I hate the Tories and conservatives badly enough, but I deplore the conduct of the destructive, unsocial and exclusive democrats still more. The Tories and conservative Whigs could not do much harm, if the destructive democrats did not aid them.

I am sorry for Kossuth. I fear he will meet with grievous disappointment here. But the worst of all is, that he has deserved disappointment, by his unqualified praise of the country and its institutions. He must know that much of what he has said is false, and that the falsehoods he has uttered are likely to do considerable mischief. All his falsehoods are in favor of slavery. But I must draw to a close. I may write to you again, by and by.

My wife and family join me in love to you, your wife and your brother. Give my love to Maria. Yours, very respectfully and affectionately,
JOSEPH BARKER.

RICHARD D. WEBB, Dublin, Ireland.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

Mrs. H. M. Tracy, now in London, in one of her letters to the *Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor*, thus notices the labors of an estimable and indefatigable English female philanthropist and reformer:—

In the midst of all this stir about men's rights, our indefatigable friend, Anne Knight, is pursuing her labors with the patience of a martyr. She writes letters to Cobden, to Lord John Russell, to Walsley, and a host more, and publishes them by hundreds. She is admitted to all classes of society, and whether you find her at the soirees of the nobility, or among the humble builders on the great 'walls of time,' there you will hear her untiring plea for the equal political rights of women.

A few evenings since, I saw her in close 'et-a-telle' with a brilliant wit and beauty connected with the court circle. Anne had on her Quaker cap with a black net over it, a black satin dress with a large black shawl thrown over her shoulders to conceal a large patch that she always carries about her filled with papers. The other wore a white dress, with a scarlet opera cloak, trimmed with ermine. 'Night and day personified,' quoth the gentleman on my left hand. 'I could not but smile at the appropriateness; but, after all, her meek face had in it much of the serenity of midsummer moonlight, and I could not but admire its earnestness and purity.'

Of course, she is laughed at, and laughed about. Her own friends feel most deeply mortified to see her walking so far as from her own track, and most earnestly desire that she will turn her attention to some more popular subject. Her country home is a very paradise of fresh air, sweet scented flowers, and bright sunshine, but she is not for a moment to be charmed aside. She comes to London, and takes lodgings, enduring all the inconvenience and privation that betel a lone woman, and that, for the sake of the good cause that she so earnestly advocates. She never loses an opportunity of slipping in her sentiments on others. As an example of her earnestness, instance an occasion where a small party of ladies and gentlemen from various countries are assembled. She is introduced to an American gentleman engaged in high commercial business. She at once introduces the subject, and presents her arguments in a manner so direct and palpable, that he cannot evade the admission that she has taken strong ground. When he seems a little weary, and turns to other topics with some near neighbor, she listens for a time quite patiently, but at last calls upon her friend not to let the gentleman go, till he has fully committed himself to the good cause.

A few days since, she obtained an audience with a Rear Admiral, who is a Member of Parliament, and laid before him the claim of all tax-payers to the suffrage. He received her kindly, and spoke most respectfully of her talents. Thus she toils on, day after day, without any hope of reward, but that of seeing her acknowledged as equal in point of rights with their brethren. Whether she will live to see any fruit of her labors, it is hard to conjecture. The great obstacle lies with the women themselves. They are too far neglected of any but present gratification to hope for earnest co-operation, till they are roused to more thorough self-culture.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF RUM ADVOCATES IN THE HOUSE.

The editor of the *Lowell American* notices several of the Rum advocates in the House, in the following manner:—

Mr. Wiggin, of Boston, made the opening speech (on the Liquor Bill), as he does most of the opening (and closing) speeches on every subject. For a man who talks so incessantly, Mr. Wiggin is very well liked, for he is a clever and pleasant man. He advocates the use of rum upon moral principles. He declared that the rummellers would defend their property by force, if necessary, against the law. Perhaps they will, but as Mr. Wiggin is a firm friend of 'law and order,' we may rely upon him as one of the special constables who under the law will volunteer to become 'brandy-smashers.'

Mr. Johnson, of Roxbury, was formerly, (when a Unitarian minister in Danvers,) a very strong advocate of Temperance—a legal sensationist. He is now a lumber-dealer, (his speech is decidedly wooden,) and his premises are bounded on one side by a liquor dealer, and on the other by a champagne manufacturer, whose interests he feels bound to look after. It is as much as two sober men can do to hold up one tipple, and it is no wonder that that one sober man should stagger a bit, walking between two such influences.

Col. Schouler, of Boston, masked his opposition to the Bill under the pretence of opposing the reference to the people. He was very severe upon all skulkers of responsibility, and proposed, himself, to shirk the responsibility of the present to the people, by opposing it because it has the Senate rider. The Colonel 'wanted to see more of the martyr-spirit exhibited on this great moral question.' There is an opportunity for him to show some of it. If he will only repeat some of the Temperance speeches he used to make in the Middlesex County Temperance Society, his Boston constituency will marry him—and he knows it.

Mr. Davis, of Adams, opposed the reference to the people as being unconstitutional, and he did not like to have the vote taken by secret ballot. There were various other flaws in the bill. His speech was ingenious, but false and uncanonized. There is not a man in the House who conveys such an impression of alibi and indifference. He is undoubtedly an enemy of the Bill.

Mr. Stevenson, of Boston, is considered a forcible speaker, his fault being that he is equally eloquent upon all subjects. He will swing his arms about, quite as vehemently when exposing a typographical error, as when arguing a great moral or political question. They are all alike in him—alike speeches of loud talk, hand-sweeping, and Choate-like effervescence, which is rather more ludicrous than effective.

EPITAPHS.

THE RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT EPIPHS.

The New York *Sunday Times* suggests that it would be a good idea to place a cross, bearing an appropriate epitaph, at the locality of each railroad accident, as a gentle intimation to passengers of the uncertainty of life on railroads. It is true, that the multiplicity of cruciform indicators might, in the course of time, be attended with some inconvenience, but the advantage would be gained of pointing out to the traveller the road where he would meet with fewest crosses, and consequently stand the best chance of security. The *Times* offers a few samples of the style of epitaph which should be selected, as follows:—

'A sudden pitch,
From a misplaced switch,
Laid me dead in this ditch.'

'Off the track the engine rushed—
Some were drowned, and I was crushed.'

'Here repose two victims, stake-d,
At one blow, by the same snakehead.'

'What is life? 'Tis but a vision;
Here I died by a collision.
Twenty more died by the same;
Verdict:—'Nobility to blame.'

'Sister, mother, aunt and me
Were run over—here we lie.
We should have had time to mizzle,
Had they blown the engine's whistle.'

'Sweeping round a curve,
Where once flature bordered an abyss,
The cars were canted down the precipice,
And seven of us killed. But what of that?
'Twas the curve did it. And the engineer,
Being upon a bend, was excused.'

'Train-borne traveller, rushing by,
As thou passes, nipe thine eye,
Here a car, well filled with freight,
Killed sixteen, and wounded eight.
For a moment, friends, we weepers,
As you pass the railers of sleepers,
You may share our fate—why not?
Ere you reach the next depot.'

'Here are deposited the bones,
(The flesh being torn off),
Of an unknown man,
Who, being deaf, blind, and lame,
Neglected to obey the customary signals,
And was run over as a punishment
For his contumacy.
The engineer promptly stopped the engine
After it had run the body in two,
And, with most exemplary humanity,
Conveyed the remains to an adjacent wood-shed,
Where all means of resurrection were tried.
But, alas!

The vital spark had fled!
For the humanity that was employed,
The engineer and signal men
Were presented, by the company,
With a service of plate.
Go thou, and do likewise.'

The *Times* thinks that this epitaph system might be applied with advantage to the banks of the Mississippi. The monotony of a voyage upstream would be agreeably relieved by a perusal of the affecting testimonials of remembrance and condolence with which the margin of the great river might be appropriately adorned. We think something of this sort might answer:—

'Under this express,
Smashed by a high press
Of steam, I lived
The fatal explosion on the other side.
The doctors were at first deceived;
They thought he would get well,
To a toast what bustled
And blew me sky high.'

A racing captain might have an epitaph, thus:—
'Pray, traveller, pity me, poor victim,
Who lost his life and lost the race;
For certainly we should have liked 'em,
Hadn't the explosion taken place.'

Then others of this kind might salute the eye, at moderate intervals:—
'The great Samuel Smith, who died
Of a stroke, I lived
At the explosion on the other side.
The doctors were at first deceived;
They thought he would get well,
To a toast what bustled
And blew me sky high.'

'Sacred to the sad mishaps
Of ten who died by a collapse.'

'Of lowly habits I have been,
And going up has proved my death;
For when I rose, I got too high,
At once it took away my breath.'

The most splendid clipper ship yet—Mr. Donald McKay is now building, at East Boston, what will be, when it is completed, the largest, and it is believed, the fastest clipper ship afloat. This magnificent specimen of marine architecture is 250 feet in length, 45 beam, 23 in depth, and will register 2200 tons. She will be launched in April, fully rigged, and called the ENOUGH TRAINS, in compliment to the gentleman through whose enterprise the present line of packets sailing between Boston and Liverpool was established, and whose career as a Boston merchant has reflected honor on the city. The ship built for Col. Train by Mr. McKay comprise as fine a merchant fleet as ever carried canvas, viz.: the 'Joshua Bates,' 600 tons; 'Washington Irving,' 500 tons; 'Anglo Saxons,' 500; 'Parliament,' 1000; 'Daniel Webster,' 1100; 'Flying Cloud,' 1700; 'Sufford-bire,' 1800. These vessels, comprising nearly ten thousand tons, are all model ships, and have produced almost an entire revolution in ship-building. The novelty of their models, the beauty of their construction, and their unequalled swiftness, have excited the admiration of the commercial world; and to no one is the public so much indebted for the great improvement produced as to Col. Train. Under such circumstances, Mr. McKay will render a rich and meritorious service, and one which the whole community will be pleased to recognize as just, in naming his last and best ship after the sagacious merchant whose encouragement has enabled him to accomplish so much to advance the science of his profession.—*Boston Post.*

Another might record an accident in this way:—
'Sacred to the sad mishaps
Of ten who died by a collapse.'

'Of lowly habits I have been,
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A Female Ship Captain.—Amongst the fleet lately wind-bound in Lonia, I, not the least, but perhaps the greatest wonder, was the odd old lady, Brigitta, or Saltonstall, which for more than twenty years has been commanded by an heroic and exceedingly clever young lady, Miss Betty Miller, daughter of the late Mr. W. Miller, ship owner and w-d merchant of that town. 'He was concerned with several vessels, both in the American and coasting trade. Miss Betty, before she went to sea, acted as 'ship's husband' to her father, and seeing how the captains in many cases behaved, her romantic and adventurous spirit impelled her to go to sea herself. Her father gratified her caprice, and gave her the command of the *Cleotus*, which she holds to the present day, and she has weathered the storms of the deep when many commanders of the other sex have been driven to pieces on the rocks. The *Cleotus* is well known in the ports of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, &c.—*Glasgow Post.*

Death from Tooth Pulling.—A lady in Winchester, Mrs. Locke, had a tooth extracted a fortnight ago, and the wound continued to bleed till Tuesday, when she expired from exhaustion. Several physicians, including Dr. Bigelow, tried in vain to stop the bleeding. Such cases have occurred before, but are by no means common. It is said that the juice of nettles will stop bleeding from the nose, when all other remedies have failed.—*Boston Post.*

Death of Bishop Hedding.—Rev. Elijah Hedding, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, expired at twenty-five minutes past noon on the 9th inst., at Poughkeepsie, in his 72d year of his age. Bishop Waugh has been appointed his successor.

A Serious riot occurred recently at Bombay. From a newspaper published a life and portrait of Mahomet. The whole Mussulman population of 145,000 considered their faith insulted and outraged by the publication, holding it sacrilege and idolatry to imagine or print any likeness of their prophet.



CURES WITHOUT FAIL
CUTS,
FLESH WOUNDS, CHAPPED HANDS,
BILES, SORES, SORES,
CHILDREN,
INJURY BY SPINTEES,
RING WOUNDS, RING WOUNDS,
ERYSIPELA, RING WOUNDS,
SHINGLES.

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AND
YOU NEVER WILL BE WITHOUT IT
RUSSIA SALVE
VEGETABLE OINTMENT
Has cured thousands of the above troubles
In the last thirty years, and is now
being sold by all the leading druggists and
Grocers, and wholesale and retail by
REDDING & CO.
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TO THE LADIES.
AMONG the many improvements of the day, one of the best for the female sex is a most critical period of life, a young woman's part. Those ladies who regard their health, and their delicacy, as worthy of their attention, will be glad to learn that their wants can be attended to by
MRS. M. CECILE
MIDWIFE AND PHYSICIAN,
an educated practitioner, and a graduate of the Boston Female Medical School.
She will also attend to diseases peculiar to women, and ensure no patient to render herself unwell, or